

Ice Ice Baby

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Ice Ice Baby

by [graciegirl2001](#)

Summary

As George retreats, typing something silently into the computer, Dream can't help but wonder if it would be easier to flat out ask the athletic nurse out after all.

They've been at this for nearly half a year now. This... thing they've got going. Half a year of quick-witted flirting, lingering touches. It's a comfortable cycle. Dream fucks up in a game and sprains, or pulls, or bruises something, then runs to George to fix it- George, with his kind hands and hidden smiles. All the while Dream slips in cheesy pick up lines and teasing remarks to make George laugh or roll his eyes or call him an idiot.

He loves when George calls him an idiot.

Notes

After going to a particularly intense rivalry hockey game where some guy got sent to the penalty box after getting a hockey stick whacked through his face mask I knew I had to write this. Enjoy! Kudos and comments appreciated! :)

Thanks to [Ro](#) for beta-ing!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream would like to think he's an all around good team captain.

Confident, (without being egotistical), level headed under pressure, smart. Not to mention the fact that he's got sixteen years of hockey experience under his belt.

But all of that can only do so much to keep him out of trouble out on the ice. Because when they've got two minutes left on the clock, with one man in the penalty box and another blocking his way to the goal, he'd take getting his skull bashed in over backing down any day.

Needless to say, this is the fifth injury this month, and it's starting to become a problem.

He's one of the bigger players on the team height wise, and he gets the most playing time, which makes him a target. And when refs aren't making calls, and he's already slammed their man into the wall once, it's not long before things start getting ugly.

The first fight was inevitable. It was a rivalry game, after all.

They've played as clean as they're able, but Sapnap is still off the ice for the next three minutes after throwing a punch when the same guy that was nearly kicked for tripping Bad made a grab for his face mask once they were both pinned on the ground.

It's tense, to say the least.

This team, some university from North Dakota, is known for fouling out a player or two every game- hoping to take down as many opposing team members as they can in the process.

Karl nearly got his wrist sliced earlier when one of the players went for his hands after stopping a shot at the goal.

Dream had to pull him off as he brought his foot down again and again, trying to free the puck trapped in Karl's gloves. That, of course resulted in an elbow to his ribs (not called) and jab at his knee (also not called).

He skated off then, doing nothing more than muttering a few curse words in the guy's direction, earning a sneer in return.

They've played a clean game, but Dream is getting real tired of their bullshit.

So yeah, when he gets clubbed on the back of the head when trying to get up after a hard fall, he *maybe* kicks out, and *maybe* gets one of their guys in the ankle, bringing over two hundred pounds of sheer muscle and padding down on top of him.

By the time the refs get involved, Dream is spitting blood, and trying to ward off one player with his stick while the other presses a knee to his shoulder blade.

The pressure holding him down to the ice releases, and Dream sighs in relief, straightening his helmet.

The whistle blows.

"You've gotta be kidding me," he mutters, trying not to wince as he stands.

The announcer reads off his name and number, letting it echo throughout the rink. Dream scowls.

"Serves you right motherfucker."

Dream snaps his gaze to the right as something bumps his shoulder, hard.

Oh for fucks sake.

Sure enough, a red clad hockey player skates past him, heading to the nearest penalty box. Beside the opposite box awaits a referee, gesturing towards him with a stony expression on his face.

Bad pats him on the back as he crosses the ice, before begrudgingly joining Sapnap in the penalty box.

Another whistle.

The game continues.

Dream *seethes*.

“How the hell did they get past the facemask?” Sapnap grunts, watching as Dream wipes at his mouth, jersey still coming back bloody.

“The stick. He shoved it in somehow.”

Sapnap clenches his jaw, and looks away, back towards the clock.

“Asshole.”

“No kidding.”

Dream watches Sapnap’s timer count down. Less than a minute now.

“I still shouldn’t have kicked him though,” he amends, voice low. “Now we’re down two.”

“I wish you had done more,” Sapnap replies, and a small smile creeps onto Dream’s face. “These dickheads deserve to get their asses beat so hard they won’t even think about messing with us again. On or off the ice.”

“You’re right,” Dream mutters as Sapnap stands, putting his helmet back on. “But as much as I want to tell you to go kick ass, please just stay out of here and go score some goals instead, okay?”

Sapnap’s penalty clock hits zero and the audience cheers, a couple of fans pounding on the glass behind them in encouragement.

“No promises,” Sapnap says, but Dream catches the knowing smile before he returns to the game.

Another whistle, and the familiar sound of skates hitting the ice fills Dream’s ears.

He watches.

Sapnap keeps his not-promise, and only thirty seconds later, scores the winning goal.

Dream doesn’t leave the box, smiling despite the pain in his jaw.

The look George gives Dream when he enters his office can only be described as bone-chilling.

Still, he finds it in him to laugh nervously before crossing to the butcher-paper covered examination table.

“Hey doc,” he begins, hoisting himself up until his back rests against the wall.

George only shakes his head, clicking open a new tab on his computer and starting to collect random pieces of equipment.

“Okay, listen, this one definitely wasn’t my fault.”

“Mhm.”

Dream blows out a puff of air, watching George pull up his file. “He was asking for it.”

“It’s only been a week, Dream; I’m starting to think you missed me,” George says without turning around.

“I did,” Dream chimes in, crossing his legs and running a hand through the mess of tangled blonde hair, still tacky with sweat. “You’ve found me out.”

“You know there’s better ways to get my attention than giving yourself a concussion for the eightieth time,” George hums, leaving the desk and handing Dream a fresh pack of ice. “The fat lip isn’t doing you much good either.”

“Oh, you’re looking at my lips now? Maybe it is working.”

George scoffs, but Dream can see him trying to hold back a smile.

“You’re a real piece of work, you know that.”

“That’s a weird way to say you find me endearing,” Dream grins, laughing when George rolls his eyes.

He holds up a finger between Dream’s eyes, waiting to start the visual test. “Why do you insist on making my life difficult?”

Without instruction, Dream trains his gaze on the finger as George begins moving it slowly from side to side.

“You don’t even know it’s a concussion,” he says evenly, not looking away from George’s pointer finger.

“I know you were being reckless. Again.” George withdraws, marking something on his clipboard.

“You’re doing that thing where you get all worried about me.”

Another eye roll. “That’s quite literally my job.”

“What’s next, are you going to start poking and prodding me under the guise of ‘checking for other injuries?’”

George narrows his eyes at him, mouth hanging open ever so slightly. “Why. Why do you do this?”

Dream starts to tug at the hem of his shirt, pulling it over his head, relishing in the way George’s cheeks go a little pink. “Because it’s fun.”

“It’s annoying,” George replies, then reluctantly bridges the gap between them, shaking off whatever embarrassment remained in his demeanor to get a better look at Dream’s shoulder. With gentle touches, he guides him down into a resting position, lying down on his stomach.

The butcher paper crinkles beneath him.

He glides one predictably cold hand across the plane of his shoulders, then down his spine.

“Shoulder isn’t dislocated.”

“That’s good,” Dream mumbles, blowing a strand of hair out of his face.

“You’ve got a couple vertebrae out though.”

He presses on one small bone for emphasis, and Dream winces.

“Great.”

“Try and get to the chiropractor before practice, okay?”

“Whatever you say.”

George sighs, resting his hand on Dream’s shoulder, right where the opposing player had kneeled atop him.

He puts a little pressure on the muscle. “And use Icy-Hot here. Stretch it out too. Before and after practice obviously, but also at home.”

Dream nods and George rubs a thumb over the area, in a way that could almost be described as tender.

Despite his best efforts, Dream’s breath hitches and George pauses.

“Sorry,” he says, and the touch disappears.

Dream misses it almost immediately.

As George retreats, typing something silently into the computer, Dream can’t help but wonder if it would be easier to flat out ask the athletic nurse out after all.

They’ve been at this for nearly half a year now. This... *thing* they’ve got going. Half a year of quick-witted flirting, lingering touches. It’s a comfortable cycle. Dream fucks up in a game and sprains, or pulls, or bruises something, then runs to George to fix it- George, with his kind hands and hidden smiles. All the while Dream slips in cheesy pick up lines and teasing remarks to make George laugh or roll his eyes or call him an idiot.

He loves when George calls him an idiot.

Damn. He really is whipped.

“Hey, Dream?” George says quietly, tearing him out of his reverie.

Dream looks up. There’s something in his tone that gives him pause.

He’s nervous.

Dream feels his stomach flutter.

“Yeah?”

George waits for Dream to sit up and put his shirt back on, worrying his lip between his teeth.

Once Dream has settled, he steps in close enough to take the ice pack, replacing it with his hand-tilting his head to examine his jaw.

“Get any teeth knocked out?” He mumbles, and Dream shakes his head.

“Bit my tongue though.”

George hums.

Dream exhales. “Is that what you were going to ask me?”

The brunet doesn’t meet his eyes.

“No.”

They’re quiet for a moment, Dream closing his eyes as George brushes slender fingers across his forehead, then through his hair, checking for lumps.

There’s one tender spot, where he had hit the ice when he fell, and Dream hisses when the hands reach it.

“Sorry,” George whispers, flinching away from it.

He writes something down.

Dream dares open his eyes, watching closely as George scribbles on the paper for far too long.

He’s stalling.

“You didn’t have to stop touching me,” he blurts out, before he can think better of it.

George’s eyes flash up to meet his- widened in surprise.

“Sorry- uh- that sounded weird,” Dream continues quickly, gripping the edge of the table. “I didn’t mean like- I don’t know.”

“You want me to touch you?”

The air leaves Dream’s lungs momentarily. He nods, at a loss for words.

“Where?”

He feels his throat dry up. He clears it, pinching the butcher paper.

“Um my hair? And my... um, jaw?” He swallows. “It felt uh- nice.”

George blinks owlishly at him for a few seconds before responding.

“Okay. I can do that.”

Then, to Dream’s utter shock (and delight), George’s hesitant hands find their way back into his hair.

He doesn’t meet Dream’s eyes, gaze trained just over his shoulder as he begins to run his nails lightly across his scalp, being careful to avoid the area where he was hit.

Dream closes his eyes, biting back a pleased sigh.

“Did you slip?” George asks quietly, resting his palm atop the barely noticeable bump.

“Yeah. Someone hit me too.”

“Poor thing.”

He’s being sarcastic, but Dream can hear the smile playing on his lips.

“I guess you’ll just have to kiss it better,” he teases back, voice low.

George doesn’t respond.

He’s about to apologize, tack on a hasty “*just kidding*,” when George does the unthinkable.

With a little guidance, and utmost gentleness, he tips Dream’s head forward and down.

And then, he kisses him, right on the crown of his head.

Dream nearly dies right there.

The hands cradling his face linger. He doesn’t dare open his eyes, worried it will scare George off.

Instead, he lets George guide him, tilting his face slightly to the right.

“Here too?” George breathes, and Dream nods.

Another kiss, featherlight, is placed against the bruise on his jaw.

Dream’s breath stutters, and his Adam’s apple bobs.

The silence draws on for what feels like ages before George moves again, this time resting the cool pad of his thumb on the corner of Dream’s mouth.

He isn’t sure if it’s George, or himself he feels trembling.

The brunet doesn’t ask this time, simply waiting, asking silent permission.

Dream reaches up to hold the hand against his face.

And nods.

George’s lips are soft against his, careful, as if Dream could push him away any second.

He doesn’t.

Instead, he captures George’s jaw, guiding him in to deepen the kiss.

George melts against him, pushing up on his tiptoes to meet him. He tangles a hand back into blonde hair, gripping it just tight enough to make Dream gasp, parting his lips and granting George entrance.

It hurts, just a little, when George takes his already sore lip between his teeth, but he makes sure not to flinch, desperate not to scare him away.

“What’s this new treatment, it’s great,” Dream mumbles into his mouth, leaving George to respond with a sharp tug to his hair and another searing kiss, effectively shutting him up.

When they part again, breaths ragged and hearts pounding, Dream can't help but beam at George, caging him in between his legs with his knees. He's sure he looks a mess, T-shirt wrinkled in the places George had clutched it, and lips more red and swollen than before, but with George looking at him like that, he couldn't care less.

"You're blushing," he remarks.

George goes a deeper shade of scarlet.

"You smell bad."

"You kissed me."

George smiles, shaking his head in amusement.

"I did."

He squeezes Dream's thigh lightly, laughing to himself.

"I should get injured more often."

"Hell no." He squeezes harder, making Dream jump. "You barely even give yourself time to heal before coming in with some new sprain or pulled muscle. What you need to do is be more careful when you're out there."

Dream lets his hands fall to rest on George's hips. "You're doing that thing again."

"Oh shut up."

He smiles. "Kiss me."

George gives him the most fed-up look he can muster, and Dream catches the word "idiot" in whatever he mumbles under his breath.

It makes his heart flutter.

But with only a little more grumbling, and a soft, pleading look, George complies, kissing him like he's been doing it his whole life.

And maybe that's what they'll do.

A lifetime of kissing George doesn't seem so bad.

End Notes

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